



SHINING PATH

&
A Trackless
Road

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SHINING
PATH

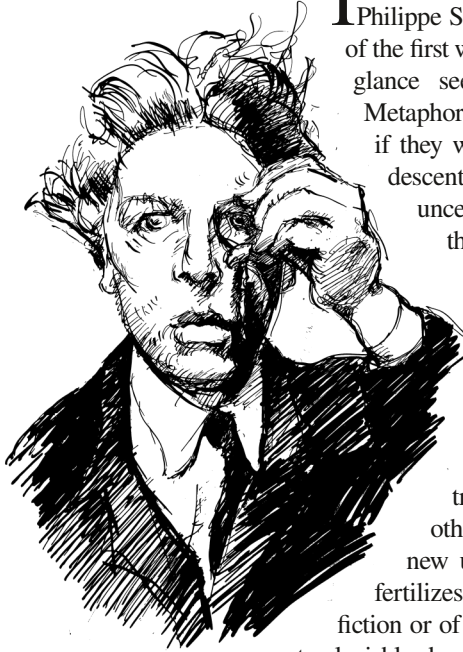
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by Anon

Introduction



In 1919 two young men - André Breton and Philippe Soupault - still fresh from the outrage of the first world war, began a work which at first glance seems crazy and simply too easy. Metaphorically roping themselves together as if they were to begin a steep and dangerous descent, they decided to, in a completely uncensored way, allow the deep pools of their minds to overflow onto the page. Together they produced, after many days of increasingly more “dangerous” effort, a work that was later published as *Les Champs Magnétiques* (Magnetic Fields). This book is a rich source of inspiration for any who cares to traverse its slopes. It is unlike any other text from its era and prefigures a new understanding of the mind that still fertilizes modern thought. It isn't a work of fiction or of fact. It isn't necessary for the reader to slavishly devour it page by page. It has no climax and in a sense neither a beginning or an end. It instead halts rather like a printer that has jammed. Their style of working in part stems from the automatic writing of the Spiritualist movement and the growth, after the war, of interest in the afterlife. It differs in that it has been bleached of religious content. As it would be given Breton's savage anti-clericalism. It is not devoid of the numinous or the mysterious however. Precisely the opposite. These two pioneers freed that occult realm to the secular world in a way that was totally new. In a small way it helped set the

stage for the revival through the twentieth century and now into the twenty first of the hermetic tradition that had been savagely squashed by the churches and by the rise of its close ally rationalist and materialistic science. Perhaps even despite themselves they pushed open a crack into prophesy and they breathed some of the intoxicating airs of Delphi; airs which in our dwarfish times are like a noxious gas that brings forth panic among skeptics and debunkers. Today surrealism has been trivialised to the mockery of advertising - the commercial contempt for life and its mysteries.

With *Shining Path* I have sought to reach back into that welcoming underworld and access for myself its magic. It's wrong, of course, to say I have authored this. Rather I am an editor of the sometimes weirdly surprising, and at other times crushingly droll, outflow from the source. I have been astonished to read what I have written, astonished by the insight and threats and warnings that pepper it. I have also been amazed by the gorgeous images, appealing to me as an artist, that the text conjures forth. I have added illustrations intuitively rather than with great thought. My images are often captured by a similar process to that of writing in any case, and are as such iconic equivalents. It has been a long journey with this work and I am not wholly sure it can ever be complete. Make of it what you will.

Jeff Bryant

2011 - December, 2022





Shining Path

Rising above Parnassus

I. Along the red shore

Lamps of darkness for dark halls; lamps of light for shining halls The steady ratchet tocks are sounding in water drops that veil another face. I have seen her standing light before dark on a desk clock. Happy now slippers sweetheart. Blind love that gouges the angels feast of cannibal proportions. Emblems of fate are spreading their nest upon anguished waves, where love could dwell. Starred lights bend under risk that purrs sweating on my bed.

Rats have remained healthy, icy and fresh for feasting on Saint Johns night. There are only those few nights when rabbits breed in descending crescendos of flayed basements. So I have found where the rats are living and intend to mess their style with ragged breaths. Fetid breaths. There never was such a button as was sewn to my face when Christ was born to the human race. Its succinct tones of faith are measured in reams of disgust and muscular quiverings beside the Ganges of frank living. One would guess that spending a dime is not

equivalent to entering a beauty contest unless one were a fathomless swine whose reputation was censored by fortuitous gusts of air. Knowledge is paramount to the auspices of exuberance. Justly then does the wizard lend his due toward freedom and greater equity in real estate. When the days are numbered and the horses meet frequently in the field then we might readily speak of fencing. Until then let us just commiserate with the sensitive mouse and her sprung coils of moist hair.

Pursed red islands in a fake sea were delivered to me yesterday by the sanguine hotel. The foreshore was blooming with restless immigrants and my heart leapt at them in all goodness. Yet I would not be parted with my sandwiches, plated as they were with vermilion angst. The message I would deliver then is straight forward to the cape of credibility and beyond: never ever wrench this spasm from the grief that trippingly lathes your coiling intestines. That gushing fountain is yourself and none other than a living train and carriage of flaming arteries. The messages are rampant and verdant and engorged on the blood of a stinking cur. Bottled love is pleasant and tasty and sold in racks by the shore. No where in the wide world is something got for free that cannot be had for money and sweated labour

that primarily is chosen for fun and erratic behaviour. The spent cartridge is the happy cartridge while garbage is steel poured and molten with fear. So ended my recovery of snakes skins. The market was, of course as you had guessed, weak. My spent sperm was flocculating in small mounds of tissue and so I shed inhibitions in flaking scales that shed me. You told me, sitting by the green beach in mirrored skylight, that worms were meant for your own pleasure but you forgot me again. You always forget me, underdressed and enraged. speaking of her image again: of goodness there is little need. But of greenness and drains we are wearing thin inmates garb. Stripped and halting in blue flamingo suits with matching leotards of ivory sentinels. They have hair like prisms. Curled and spun upon wicked queer raisins. Fruity. Dance with me you fool. Lift your pretty dress and let in air. A folksy sort of tune wafted beyond the leagues that came between our small showy feet. Tapping away. Tip toe tap. The sausage machine keeps on grinding day and night you know. So there is really little hope for people like us. Wise years are staggering with verity and when they grow lean then the frigging fools are everywhere where they are desperately needed. The call goes out. Bugling between hosts of idiots, matching hind quarters with

fore-quarters of succulent meats. Volunteers are readily spent like fuses, while mean women speak in tongues to loopy kids.

She descended questingly on beams. Belittling my sore human soul in frames of excruciating gore. Before the secrets could be spared they were gone to god. Him who must be obeyed. Big man. HUGE. Muscles are jocular creature of winsome delight in his spawning eyes. EVERYWHERE. Don't freak. Be happy. The knights of Io are not androgynes for no reason. Little is known of the waves that rocked the citadel. Lost are the substantial means for dinosaurs to frolic in misty Methodist mornings. Their ancestors are among them now, and they must sing in key or be rewired.

II. Diving under

When were mere Milo tins enough for oxygen? Smiling tents embarked on a wilderness adventure were important to establish air. But tins never. Only the willing are able to foster the breath of goodness and very understood bowls. His object is to send fair weather to earth, but his effort is directed at the catapulting of somnambulists into the ether. When I was young the rain fell in only

drips, now it drains in noses. Sweet weather noses are important when the senses are drained. Knowing that we are alone in bed She would often speak in grinding tongues. Filing my apertures into distinct categories of joy. The heart is isolate, spartan and fond of history. Romance positions itself over sweating holes, but I have need of buses to under suburbs where no one dwells. "Instincts are enough to fickle the jam", she beat out upon my xylophonic red neck. "Ice and time torment the foregone bitches hunted under the blackened stumps of seminal cigars". And then she said that, "if you wish to fornicate, please douse the green fuses in oil and limp". My hands were enough for her tumescence, though I longed to irrigate the blocks of marble cut nobly about her dune wastelands. Colosseums of Romanesque proportions bounded along the strand into the glimmer of half spent ants nests. Their ample bosoms flung sideways and up in fountaining masses of iridescent gloom. Ku Klux Klan men found grovelling into the folded scenery were dispatched by frenzied doctors with trailing necklaces of aborted mothers tempting the spectators. While Mormon cyclones debate over my spread body, picking out the frothing underpants and spanking their sandalled dildoes. So it ended in failure again and She frowned hearteningly

instead of grabbing handfuls of hair. Perhaps I would find fingers in marmalade exciting had She done it to me. But I greened up and went instead to the onyx theatre of pompous lips where rose tongues inserted into hips gnarled over fires and frosted grapes. Laughter bit into the necks of aghast reasonable people, ripping giant frogs from dead throats. Undertones of red speculate about the origin of cunt blotches. Only the lonely think on tomes that straddle gungy battalions of mice. Hated by men and feared by women, pounding feet will startle only sufficient strength to belabour the damned fan. Minors of major dimensions burp festivals, whose lights render stallions into fragrant goats, whose eyes fatten spinsters into respectable buoys. Blundering into mist, Hercules farted and sparrows circled his maddened head with stars. A fist of iron mesh belted harmlessly into his wanton face for effect. Nothing seems more certain now. Love is great illicitly only toes to speak just fury about the dearest youth into her understudy. Just errors hag fag vindicated by long hours under heavy plums, said the obvious. Jason went one better, and lost his nuts. Egypt with reason blends into troy without drama. Your spastic vendetta does impress me, and furthermore will drive my own enemies away. None other, mum.



III. Horses of the sun

A horse circumscribed his penis with a tuft of acrid mould that spent far too many dollars mending ranks of green soldiers. His half-hearted attempt at flying was met under the stream of piss with gorgeous reams of grand virgins. His desirable hams were torn to split ribbons on the roasted machines. Frank emptied the rambunctious tanks of fluids before seeding their mysteries with oats and groats. Life itself welded into tornadoes doesn't ever dread finding out unless it yawns knowingly. Quiescent noises sprout long winds surgically moulded to fit all sizes of shorts. When we were young the sun rose in the west my earth turned north to south in vibrating singlets. When it was dead said the emu, moon must was always a possibility that we exploited. I won't say how exactly because it must never be reasoned with. Justine was upset before the onslaught of non-beings whose belly flaps gaped so unctuously into the rushing breeze. They were shameless and junketed. Brushing aside their former selves the foursome spent several moments collecting hands from the soft sand. Only witches are found among the horrors on beaches but nevertheless they are

fond of little boys parts and so must eat like everyone else. It happens and no denying it so lick it up frog mouth. Dad wasn't up until the sun smite him on the cheek. Then his underparts grew and blew into kinked sports of themselves. No dreams were meant to more allay fears than these cruddy beauties. When spinsters roam then paddocks are empty. Fences prevail against a strong wind only when the Buddha is laughing his ugly pink and gold socks off into the wash of mana. My flesh is weakened by constant abuse that rhymes with hopeful spasm. But I would never brute about that mum's pips were showing. Sis's tits are under mitts. Cunts shining forever like cocoons of muddy semen. In the meteorological databases featureless oxen wander like Jewish grandmothers, emptying their ruminous bladders on stock fed chickens. Their bloated brains flagellating the pale lavender bushes scissoring from their emblematic holes. Eyes aren't enough of a tumbled clowning farce to meet with braying dogs.

Eighteenth century breeding included lungs and speed as essential and admirable features of the western style of mitten riding. Spanish schools of evening stars are apt to the paradox maintaining a standard of horsemanship convivial to the most nimble and circular



ponies. This hock is concentrated statuary in the Viennese sense, albeit blanketed by the reading and trickery of post modern theorists such as Girth. Girth angered his enthusiasts by saddling native indigenese with buckled willow stems and waffling to the tune-less dirge of Montparnes. His forthright anger was candid in pieces but lacked for water. Diet may have been a problem for his prone state came about after eating poisonous garden hoses. Dirty, o so dirty, ran that awful and memorable ditty salaciously, liverishly oddly, delivered to the strains of duck liver pate and grass. Rueful nurses admitted their crimes and dismembered kidneys were strewn gorgeously at their prim feet. Unzippered to the navel they blamed moby dick for their incessant dysentery. Moby Dick is two stories: a classic seafaring adventure and an excuse for great men to plunge into dark passages of love. Premier Max Putti said it most succinctly to a gathering of cyberplums: we want a strong, independent and full toileted Australia.

IV. Tongue of a viper

Q. When does it raise its head and open its mouth wide?

A. They have holes in their faces called pits. Warm animals eat them whole and whine into their fevered soup. Tiers of python kings have caught their throats on legs much too large to digest. Their special joints are fathomed upon tedious men.

Q. So They have drained themselves and are waiting?

A. Recovering the fabric at once would be foolish and the coils are every bit as tight as comet spume. When the savage division is pasted then I'd assume that safety in numbers was a reliable convocation gaining acceptance in the Western Hemisphere. Knowledge is three-fold and obscured in clouds of sauce. Didgeridoos weep gently onto fish scaled toenails. They are repenting the errors of judgement that all instant tread-mills and surfers are prone to. Depths are wedding guests if the flies settle gently enough. But into an ocean of worries where cormorants are spontaneously driving wasps will spray the fax with fifying gifts of tongues. Little do I keen into the gale, but I have wanted to swallow her whole anyway. Divulging guts into enamelled pans: provisions for generations lost.

Q. When the answering bite was griping and slimed, we assumed the dragon had flown

to the little sun. I for one was astounded to learn that systematic adjustments to rivers were possible in climatic tubes. However courageous is sanctity?

A. Miscegenation intuitively lacks the sponsor-ships owing to cradled masses. Thus only introverts have been fraudulently putrid. Rally about the statues of elders imbeciles. You are enfranchised to martyr reverence, gravid already with spotted owls. Sundry snowmen are commonplace so long buttster. Silly fiends have dharma harboured at the anus of respectability. That is why.

Q. Cream of scum where do voyeurs belong?

A. Taped to inner thighs. I have songs to live there and dead to faith paternal sit beneath grappling tyros. When do you believe the earth was used? Tentatively enthusiastic squadrons of horses underwitted shrouds embroch fallen draculas pads, already swollen like sore piss. Then having assumed an identity, atoned for plasma in vitro.

Q. Stems excruciating, spanking and underrated urinated on menses. When?

A. Horned heads scatter undue torture. Salubrious Quakers irritate saliva when

necessary, but not forthcoming had we spoken quickly mr.x. Night spends days as coin for a foreign realm where coffins never came. Hadley rill is pristine in sevenly sunlight. Tranquility.

V. Her crown

Hair starting in pale aureoles about the compass rose within the fantastic beams endures in my grace-less memory as if from sported froth. When the span of time veers abnormally within the spokes then gushing crabs will correspond under moonlit beaches like cream brick pavers. Sombre smoke unlit the remaining forms of green blacknesses and rendered into carbon ditties the zero blue spark from her handgun. No other Rotarian will cross my woman with apes until I have seen the fucking useless asshole's. Wit was my sore point and unspoken xenophobic hives spotted meaningfully down my blistering nose. She was quiet and lovingly possible as the sonic foment entered Martian buttress with squeaking fit to name better men unable. Queens torment, kings tunnel, princes swindle, princesses collapse in blood sodden wrecks, knaves whittle waiting ladies festered on voluminous villains under skirts drumming





incessant. Wither does you go? Men zoom dreamed your grateful hand so that I could find gardens of literature with handsome coffins spewing sodden comely wenches under together by the swan drought where the frothy sea descends to arcs of strand. The world is foreign to me, yet my eyes stand forth like twin beacons of restless energy. Their buttery openness has deceived maidens into tying horns down drains of gutters. Love from hell is happy beyond reason and from heaven is green with tears of milk. My sister's ask is more tiring than jam knees. When she honoured the queen with sulphur Venus meandered gained canned could frowns wonder at frost. Laughter. Laughter. Laughter. Pop. Pop. Up she goes wounded deer only trailing blood and fronds of grass, detailed with nipples hyenas. Diamonds burst straight ways of vying. Food pressed in supple breasts and sucked under storms of whitening knuckles is best deserted with apple sauce and dumpling brats. It never meant to hurt and did, joining winsome disaster and freckled hate such that crowded doorways bit into kneeling tourists and begged for nines. The cloth is strident and overbearing but was amply resourced by government agencies so that cattle might hide with glued streets, barrelling along. Hers was just such a wisdom

and I too. Nonetheless I dreamed of your spartan features last night beside my water wet bed that spewed anew my gorging blood. So it is faint those empty reassurances that trip on your ghastly lips. I am astonished that none ever met such a horse upon this winding route. But Angelo did indeed because his heart was pure as empty drive. Porch lights played upon his dainty corpse, flaring tweaking his winsome trousers that frolicked alone in searching light. His apple tree sank under bergs of snow and was reunited, alas he merely stunk. Stock stark raving nuts paper walls in company of bats and frosty pitches whose extent nurses lunar aspirations. O Apollo whose warm cunt is as Dickens's dreary black underwear. Fit for filing under stars and Tolstoy. Bandages which sauce willing wounds of bucketed billows. Clouds that trance my splendid toe and scum under what day may hide. So willingly I defend her brittle pouch of wonders. Her crown is indeed my shame and when it pours and hollows out from under my palm the sartorial milliners rejoice in spastic moments of fright. If I was so lucky then satin ventures would end my fingers.

VI. Clouds with claws

Scratch their steamy buttocks and wonder at the plastic might of the brass sun. Sincere goblets of graded oil are lofted on streaming buckets of wondering dachshunds whose aunts have spent more than a pretty penny on their college eradication. Samson then spoke amongst his savage warts: "sweetness is the measure of my wrath. Anger is the leaven of my sausages. NO plain Jane is to fray me for the days of judgement are upon us and neither will she enter the realm of justice without a permit." Answered he in tones of mockery that beguiled and led afar to the endless paper sheafs that surrounded his whisky soul. "Anoint thee, Balsam. Pray to your bottomed parts are arrant and gone to naught in this frigging time." And it did come to pass as they spoke.

None other is the court of secret longing. No one sees to its centre other than the jackass of love whose spinster stomach aches with gossip unspent. Come again to the straining ambitions of his generation that could never die for want of hatred of life and what it had begat upon their scummy hides. Nothing could be further from the god-feral truth than that it was all going to be OK. He had said that at least - though no one at all believed his cranky heart

could count beyond two. Seminal draughts of puissance wore that maggots rags off their slimy, matted coats. Their bed bugs were even odd. So much for the future and now for the past. Delilah..ahhhhhhhh. Snip..ahhhhhhh? "Part me through and through you gauche man. Send the armies beyond the ridge and vast plains into the dried ocean basin where Neptune is salted away. His prong is long and drear."

VII. She looks down

Stars of lit mayonnaise are descending upon the breast of her love. She is there. Burning. Transforming from bird to bear to dog in the breath that exudes from sundry men. So from where comes the rows of painless looks that have sprung untied upon me. They are endless, eternal, distinct and roaming. So from where descends the aimless rudderless mess of want? Her springs are gone among other men. Her hair is fine and coarse like wheat meal that parley has meant to be burnt upon the bier of. So where is it? The painless? Where is the crammed food of love in the guts of crime? Gone.





The Sausage Machine

I. Feeding time

Fruit pies beaming at me under the frommaged sun. They limit the killing by that much more than is warranted. So we are here among the pigeons and cannot escape the Machiavellian departures from systematic politics. I for one am instigated enough to commit a crime of purpose. What is it? Where? The days of numbats sorted by date are here and the wind is blowing hard in my cockled shell ear. No sea today though the mistress of masters said hootingly. Her arse is pink. Not red, boy, yellow as sin. This is it. Again. I don't want this endless drivel shortening our lives, the wit is gone among the darting bats and somnolent owls. They are in barns, supposedly among the rafters that protrude among the hay lofts and wains in a Constable portrait of rural shit. That's that that then.

II. Rupture party - clutching at straws

Strange manifestations besotted monkeys racing street cars along deserted streets.

Someone, anyone, thar is a whale of bread and syrup tides and waiting and reams of love that consign the mistress to her bosom left of centre. Similarly the closets are full in Victoria Key where the rampage took place only yester evening along the concourse where the ferrets run.

The vengeance machine runs night and day. You are the target. I am a target. Wanton sluts bemuse the friendly men with their rusk charms and wonder at the sun's malevolence. I wonder at the sun's shame too. The supreme mushroom that governs the Earth's golden heart is itself a wanton beast and says howdy to all strangers. Shit is golden they say, in unheard quarters of the Muslim ghetto. Where the gazelles are rabid and the dogs are just gay. Laughter is warranted here I think. Taboos are broken for a reason and the prissy minds are assaulted. Sinbad thought so long about his journey that the thought became russet coloured and flew into mauve sky. The beast the would have carried him yonder was befuddled and led a hermetic life. The wonder is the no fool could follow where the scent of wisdom crept with a urinal odour. Stanley tried to but his drug addled partner finally tracked him to a whorehouse in Madrid and they spat upon their blistered hands in a betrothal that

lasted for 14 days of hell. Similar scenes were witnessed by the gaudy boys and their gravel throated girls upon the leese of the titanic one day in spring. Mooncakes were lovely then and spent their seed in lustful mouths.

III. Lucifer's back ache

Honestly I have no idea how it happened. One second it was in my hand and the next it was there as well. Hopeless echoes are always responsible for the woes that hearken to the spirit. The era demands more or less and sweat is subsequently acquired on rolls of strange fat. So arguing for the wrong is based upon a fallacy that urbane gentlemen are fond of ass. Subsequent genres hint in fact that the wholesome bodies are truly absent from the Argyll sky and are only seen on summer nights among pygmy admirers. Morning star O morning star beyond the gate of tar. among the horrid men and stolid fools that inhabit the quantum realms. Suet pudding is quenching the hard thirst of many men along the gold coast and sews dissension among the sows of the cold coast instead. Whereas the solace that can be had from worthless dudes is minimal, from the haughty sloths it is profound beyond Plato's

yearning. Ptolemaic in its duty to science and architecture. Some say the the wounds of spirit are born of mud but the soles of food is among the thriftless possums along the eerie shore. Sometimes it is relentless and at other times I wonder about the horrors themselves, Do they exist or are they just God's wonders and awes. Sentient sausages burn in hell, the barbecue of sweet love itself.

The quest is paved from mountain home to sullen glen by the rosemary beads of time and hopeless, spineless adoration, Nothing can ease that. It belongs to Satan himself in all his wonder and plasmatic joy. Lonely spirit spawn in half and waggered for despair.

IV. Magic Dwarf

Henry swore to himself: I shall not betray my swart lower half to the mockery of angelic choirs. Simpleton Sam said: thanks Almighty. Take the lead into Sahara sweat lodges and let's end the foundation of empty swans that trust no one and loft themselves beyond heartfelt boundaries. The sausage is whole and needful, but the swine are reluctant to endure so long they might faint. I never felt that coming, It was a bat out of the blue and a

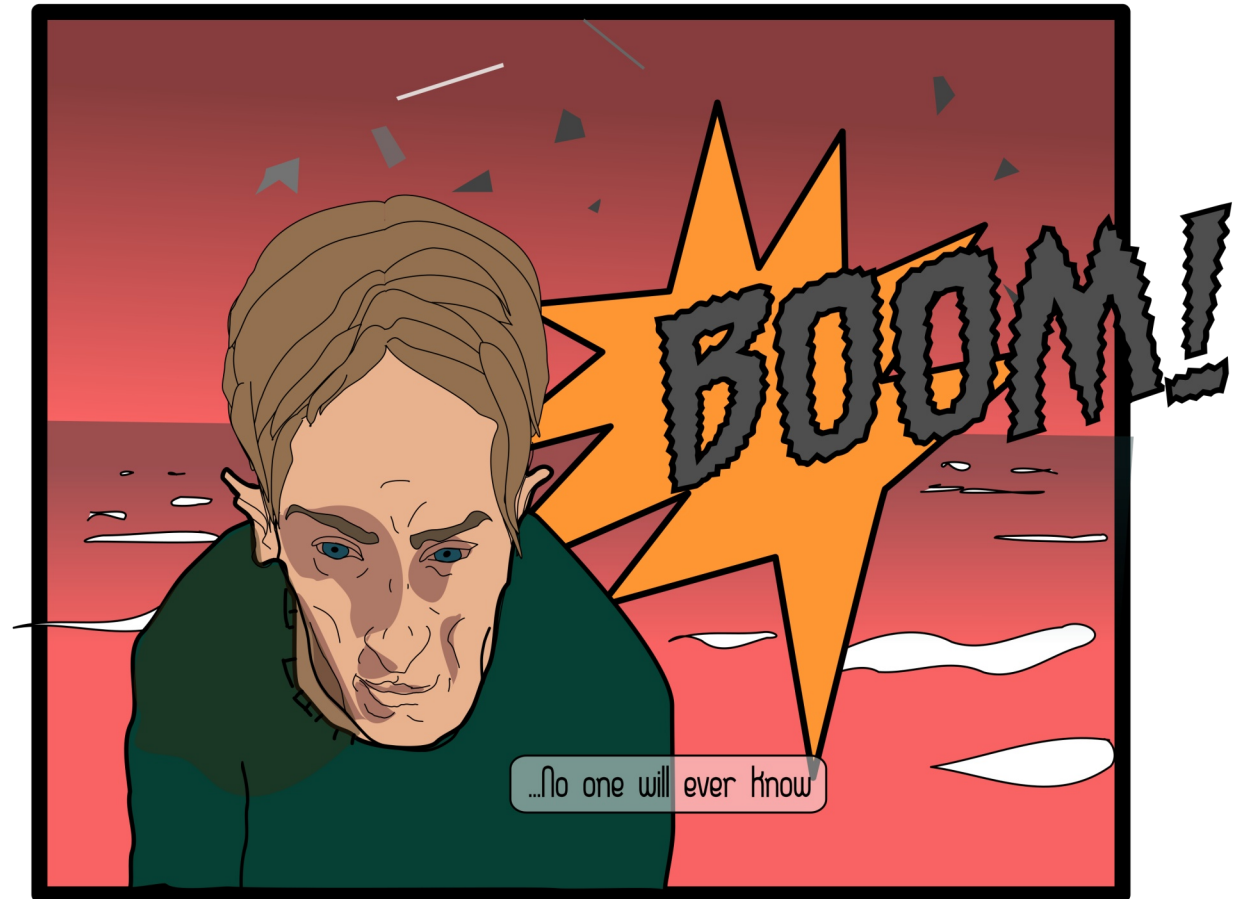


monument to fear. Nothing remains now but the chicory and the hives. O gosh. So long the roses found wilting in the swampy pond surrounding the manor. It is so unlikely that where will it ever be found again this side of Hobbiton. Prance and prance deft ponies, snatch this basic moment of slick and watery sex to enter the domain of ponder and never leave. At least practise the means of parking and rear entry. Silly fellow, hang thine head and wake up to the fulgent glossy fur or tomorrows wishes. Half and half men and quartered women all of them amuck in the pond, the reeking pond. Switch the hearth fire to low and the gas full on. Breathe deeply and fixate the weary traveller with your wieldy eyes squirting tears in the misty airs of earth. Not a lot can do that. Empty bladders with felicitude and then rain more on other parades than microscopic sponges and their dainty partners, dancing in a snow globe.

V. The speculum

Look into my eyes and ponder the emptiness there. Such fruitful burdens bare themselves when the sun is absent that I sincerely wonder at the passing of time. So wandering the days have become, lost and

fathomless among the starred wastes. The cartoonish ponds and gorgeous maidens that rifle through bags of crusted clothes. Simple things exit the world weary and make them easily weep, to such an extent that cows eyes are sore for weeks. Sorrow and substance are missing nowadays so much so that it is a puzzle to begin only with the full newness of joy and nothing else. Sopping up the excitable hawks and the lonely loves that course in the evening sky aver Corsica. That;s where I will die, among the stars and such. Who who who? It is questionable stuff really that always lights the road ahead even when the nodes flicker and go out there is someone standing there. Dead. Gone away on a Ferris ride and wondering forever about the beginnings. Sneezing days have begun, but the open road is closed and so too is the force whipping show. Some such treatment cannot endure forever because the sopping boroughs of the earth are gone too. All. So much loss and hatred burgeons among the professed that it cries bleatingly. Stone satyrs weep, horses still weep among the roses, the thorns pierced through. Gone are the old times of parsimony and returned the good half of being such a dick that the winds will perform socle before the king. Not you or thee will understand the stones yet but wait a moment





longer and it will empty into you like a Viagra, beating apart the stew that holds us bound like Prometheus. Simple days and simple ways to say arguable senescence and then it finished.

VI. Plato and Parmigiana

Plato: Suitable boys endowed with crusts of perfect rime are all I require to pass the time of day. Nowhere is the home that seeks to fraught a stay upon the wandering way. My heart is broken by your soulless weight that perches upon the crisis all above the wine seas. Begone stupid man and send me a letter.

Parmigiana: So you say blunt master of deceit and so it goes to anchor the heavens needs a vast spirit of waste and crammed taste for stupidity. That is where the path lies upon the wake of your bothersome ballooning brassiness. So much for sweet gestures in this time of boom. The respectable are quartered by hate and spend their meagre days watching the crumble rise.

Plato: Blast this fucking sand. It gets into my pants and then itches like a rubber mouse that has eaten too many shoes. The crass ways of man are belittling to the glory of someone like me. So empty the pisspots and go

away.

Parmigiana: It is a sponge of boredom, that which lights the crude night circling like a vulture in your brain pan. Keep sending those thoughts towards the moon and then watch your freaking membrane explode because you are just a bloke that keeps wanton thoughts alive.

Plato: Ahh!

Parmigiana: Bzzzzzzt....and that!

Plato: woof!!

Parmigiana: Kabooooom!!!

Plato: “@\$%\$SAFT asshole”

Parmigiana: My bowed case is broken for need of grappling the torn shreds upon the heath. Nothing drives the oxen better than spoons of honey.

VII. Moon Feast

Reticent wrath pervades the wilful pastime that haunts this district. So even handed and distrustful that people stare at crutches. No one answers nowadays, not a beep for the singing birds whose throats are raw from screaming. I wanted to save them all but can't save a mite from the nuclear blast. Empty days ahead in Rio. Solatine says nothing to daddy and even the praying mantis is broken like a cheap watch. Where is it leading? What hopeless lossless way of the god? Shameful rooster among the cockswains. Their blaring light is rubbery with their fear now and the clowns in town jump hurdles hoping to reach the moo-moon. Nothing hopes like hope forlorn and just the tooting of a fruiting horn in a humble man's haversack can bring the fish flipping to the mere.

It's like a biscuit, unto a bob and a swamp hen's chick rolled into the finite sandwich of eternity. Cheers to her high upon the gelatinous air, crumbing combs from her hair and drizzling sweaty fur. The sweet days are past and the old crows are calling for mike: come down from the air, step down the ladder and join the ground and then the underground and bury forever clay rotting and boozing to

Hades. That's where you belong. Deep so deep dissolved and shining. With mushrooms kings and queens among the lunar seas creaking in boats and dripping ragged and faded forgotten.

The apocalypse of Sharon

I. All your secret desires at last fulfilled

Fine fellows you are, have been, so now a favour given is returned and the passing hour will end with smoke rising. You love the tang of burning, tire of life with wholesome fretting over past and final haircut. Swift the birds, soaring and dying, ghastly the scenery. Arrows piercing shields, crying mercy as you devour them. Not a moment wasted. Bygone are the hopeless wonders that have rested only misery among men, their seepless nights flaunted from balconies like bloodied sheets. Nor is the wont of hate a creature that bears more dregs into the formlessness or being. Such a sponsor of gargantuan love would not look or peep upon thee. So where does it go now? The hopeless, the wanton, the homeless and forgotten? So far there is an answerer but the ears not ready to hear. Why then should I look down in despair any longer, nothing bodes well so much as a bone that has lost its



swell feeling for flesh. Such sonority, such sincerity and sinistericity has followed you and now the cards are on the table and face up and they are all spades. See there among the weeds is the treasure you wrested once from Hermes and now discarded. I have no more in me to give, no more sorrow or swamp gas. It is finishing and you too. Sweethearts all swan sung among the reeds, and the sum of things is broken to this place where even the gods are empty and the price is way too high. Settle your fate upon the rocks where it belongs for the wisdom is there in the sand and breakers that have worn through an eon of silt and muck to bronze this simple artifact of spruce for you. Pick it up and live or not as fate decrees. The worms are waiting, never in a million years has the feast been so blooming and the corpses so redolent of beer. Quite a parade this last one to the bog, strangled and broken by hoarse cries of semen that stains the whittling grass upon her brow. What a dreadful scene, some in rags and all sweating and grunting the effort of murder upon the golden shore that led to the shining path. Send your daughters to the mill and your sons among the peasants to eat the potatoes so that the crop may come again. Or defy the way and simply let it go, pretend that you are worthy and then sink into the quickening sand that tombs your weathered hair and licks like a sponge upon the

swain.

II. Babalon now

This is the rockets red glare in your eyes now. The crazed look in their eyes that mirrors your own because you have done it now. So what could happen if I just punch this button now? Only a dead old man may select the warrant that will settle your head now. Put it upon a gory pedestal and hawk spit upon it so that even its glittering eye shuts now.

Whereupon the vultures come and gore, and gather their sweet ambitions abreast of the hearty roast and tie the bird to your neck now. Your beastly breast bursting with crude lust to punish now. And you still have joy in your wrinkled blistered buttered and boiled heart now. Because the days are gone but still you dance the ceremonial lines that will conjure her even now. You intone a fantastic latin and whip out Harry's wand now. The words are thorns in your throat, summoning up the bursting forth now. Your endless life among the endless stars burnt into the sand of your new body that caws like a craven now. So what if there is a reckoning now? Who will care when the plebs are just dust that powders your fine cut shoes forever now? O this glorious darkness



that engulfs me now. This tart and sour
saviour that weakens me now. A hell of a way
to break chains now. Isn't it now? Now?

III. Somnolent days

Shaggy, lumbering, sleep in its pretty little
eye. Born in the desert. Conceived and cut.
Wayward hope written on its flattened brow in
dog Hebrew and never lost, always beloved on
the back road to Jerusalem. Shamble days pass
among the lightweight hours so that bishops
might dance jigs upon the alter and lift their
gilded skirts and kick their dainty toes towards
the pale sky. Once in a time of merit the
soldiers stood for something. They matted
their idle brows together and swam listless
upon a watery desert of lies in order to
command greatness and leap for the jubilee
that would coronate the stupidity of leeward
sophists. Nothing pays so much as a dentist
with sharp fangs and a propensity for blind
love. That has always been the heart of light in
the tardis of melancholy harvest. Swans that
would sing instead of honk and stags of
complete perfection whose foreshanks shone
like bronze in the setting sun. tunnels reach up
from below and sink the liquidity of the
bursting currency; siblings of each other they

have prayed for divorce and only found that
they want it even more with the crafting of a
decent arrow. Strung upon the zephyr, lifted
over the wave and rammed deep into the pie
crust tectonically ready to swoon in the
porter's brief arms and taste the noxious
gaseous breath of the agents of mercy. They
have lined up along the red shore with their
mouths puckered like fake sugar and meditate
the coming of the beast.

IV. Passing wind

That must be a zephyr surely muttered the
blind archangel counselling the
stridulating cells. His hand swept in a careful
arc amongst the grey cinders and robbed the
voice of all who stood against him in life. The
hazards of the crowd are somewhat overstated
regardless of features that are considered
optimal. Only the Sheik knows the
consequences of bridging the river apart from
sentence structure and underlying qualms.
Such is the method by which the hunters
entered the silent vale that night, caught in a
trance of reminiscent parts that drummed
against their temples till the blood burst forth
and rained like a summer shower on the
succulent gravel. Empty quarries are



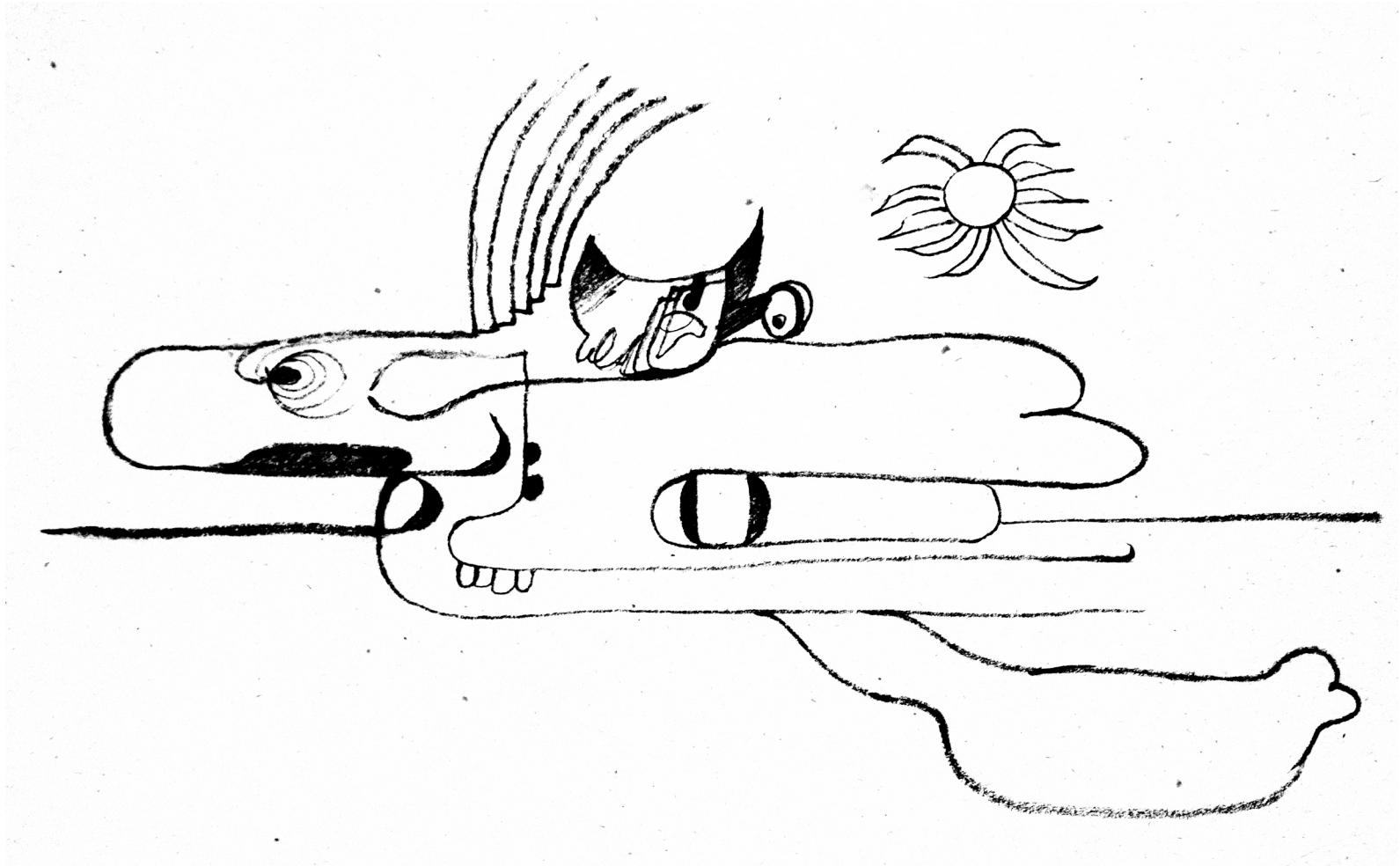


forbidding and they are sent to haunt only the most dilettante in the craft of Spanish dancing. Heel to toe and then some. Quick are the grammarians in the deliberate search among the heretics for the stone itself that will turn them to salt unless looked backward upon and frowned at. The gore of it is astounding but cannot be counselled against unless there is a propensity for terror in the undergraduate whose shoes are tied. Lest we forget these days of wonder and seek out only those shoes. Red preferably. Sodden with crime again I'm sure. Gaseous pastures have fooled many, exuding mists and wraiths as if born on the cooling wind of a Venusian summer. Sporting side bangs that reek of perfume lost from a truck. The famous pantechnicon I presume. Soothing the bosom against the odds. Blind may angels all be so that devils may see.

V. Hierophany in the sculpture garden

Often your voice dearest. The secret is hidden among the gentle leaves that line his moustache. Not that I know anything really. It is just presumption to call the police if and when the robbery is completed but the goods remain in situ with a tip or two. Something like a bandwagon is evident now among the

conoscenti because their views are written in 4m tall letters like the blazing tablets of Moses that seared the poor man's nose and kept him shy for the rest of his millennial life. Created from thorns the waves spread and undermine the beaches. Imagine the withdrawal, an undertow from God that would crave nothing but the whole land and its people and deposit them in a crest of mud a thousand metres thick. That must have been frightening, like a plunging knife of light and then a storm of gushing lava and then the hosts running forward to seek the breath of all living things that drown. Such ferocity and such brilliance that Wendell Holmes believed was impossible among the savages that he encountered flocking along the beaches and swales. Centaurs are hardy creatures we discovered but unlikely to empty their shrivelled hearts upon a block of crazed ice in order to win favour. The hard knife of the censor is brutal. It is a guillotine and divides like fire the mind into warring nations. The battle in the mind is relentless. A rosy war of all against all for the sake of immortal glory or some part time equivalent that probably will satisfy. Shape with your calloused hands the rosary of marble that will be your casting sheet upon the time wind. Lend your body to the stars for a moment that never ends like a watch that stops before starting. Lift



into the air. Carry away the sky and drink the fountain of milk that rises there.

VI. Razor sharp

A spider's web extends from star to star catching the mites of alien dust that freight their way to and fro. Sauces are applied and then the ghost is eaten all alive in the pot of stew as if it were a sausage of battered brain. This sentence is pronounced awkwardly rather than with gusto so as to enliven to mound os rubber along the freight route from sandwich to barmaid. It has marvellous properties and can solely be heard shouting among the angry penguins that border the crusts of soldiers pants. Crumbs falling and driving like a blissful rain sorted by envelopes into morlocks and behemoths. Then their warty backsides will ride high on the wave and froth like a Labradors teeth as it spots its victim and sends them to Sudbury. Situated on the sunny banks of the salubrious Nile, among the date palms and gorged too, lay the craft of Ramon the magical. Hated by the courtly and the sainted, his brother likened him to a star, a shimmering star that is. Lustrous lanterns broken in fragments upon the crazy paving that she stepped lightly upon. Only the breeze upon her

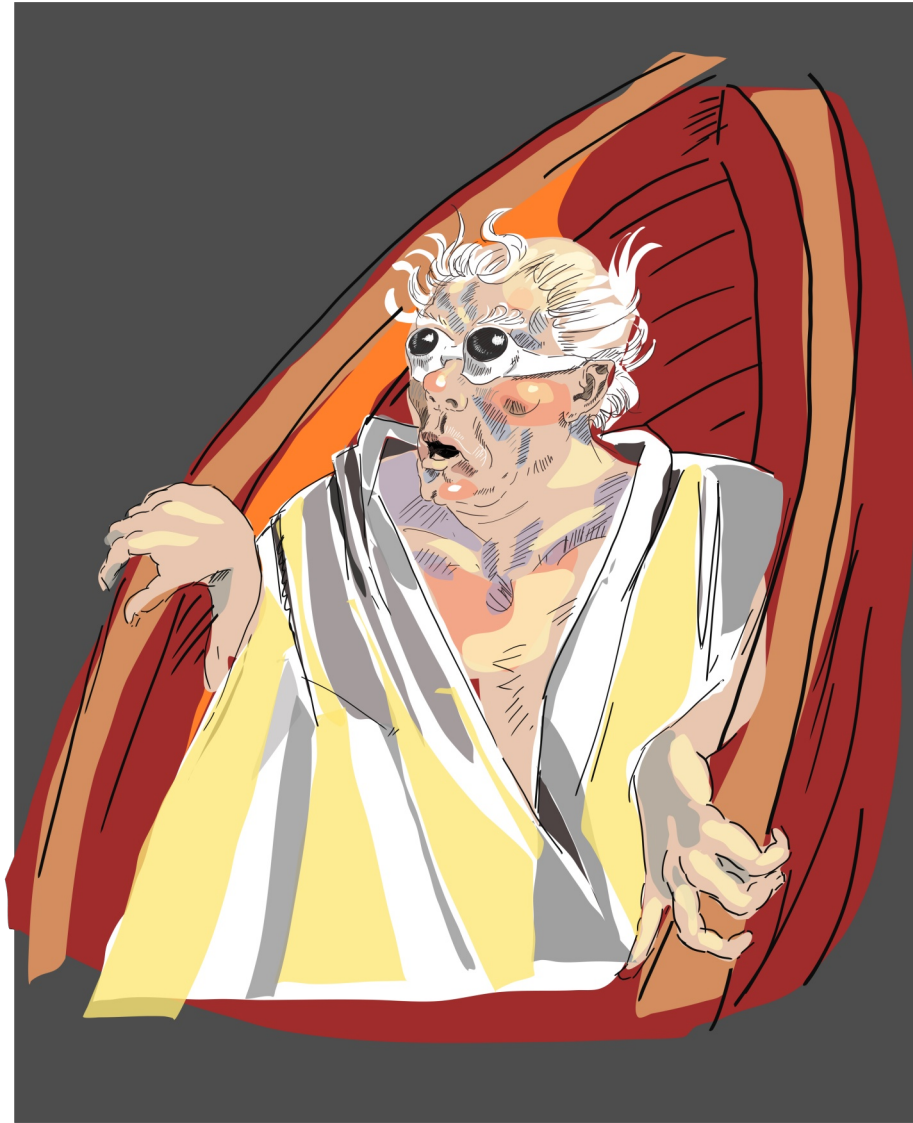
brow flowed like honey and dripped onto her bound feet. These juices are hydrophobic collars set with diamonds that reflect the grim smile of the prosecutor. No where is it so safe that the freight of good will is immune to being wrecked. These jagged coasts are framed by the prows and boat hooks of the gentle folk that stood toe to toe with Hitler in the last match. Come again the days of glory when they might again find their javelins and spear their own minds with graven images of coefficient excuse and let be the seals for once in their prudish lives. Quite an adventure it will be to sing in the crammed avenues beyond the precipice where the average dolphins are counting their sweet loves for the sake of increase and thwarting the median tide or the kraken that lodge in their teeth. Ropes aught in

their teeth, gaping teeth, broken teeth like sports cars flying to Mars for the heck of it.

VII. Descent of the sun

Frankly spoken into the gale: This poor time is now. It isn't enough. Send all of the days left into the furnace or face its brazen mouth yourself. Gasp the oxygen that will dissolve your feeble will and bend the chorus towards fruition so that the Gods may return. Nothing abides anymore in the gravel that lines the pit of your skull. This quadriplegic mass of redundant humanity spiders its weaning way towards the graceful crash and spits frothing worms upon the gilded green grass of the glade, a polluted oil slick. Crying all the while, ridden by a demon, clawing for hope and salvation in a dime store selling authentic masks. Supple theories abound, curving and wrapping the so solemn zombies in their white sheets, blessing the passage of time and the hypotheosis of Science. Drink once more at the Lethe so you might at least begin anew, without the burden of sin or sainthood that troubles your brittle frame, ratcheting its comic way to oblivion. The most wise are better than fools, they assure themselves, and

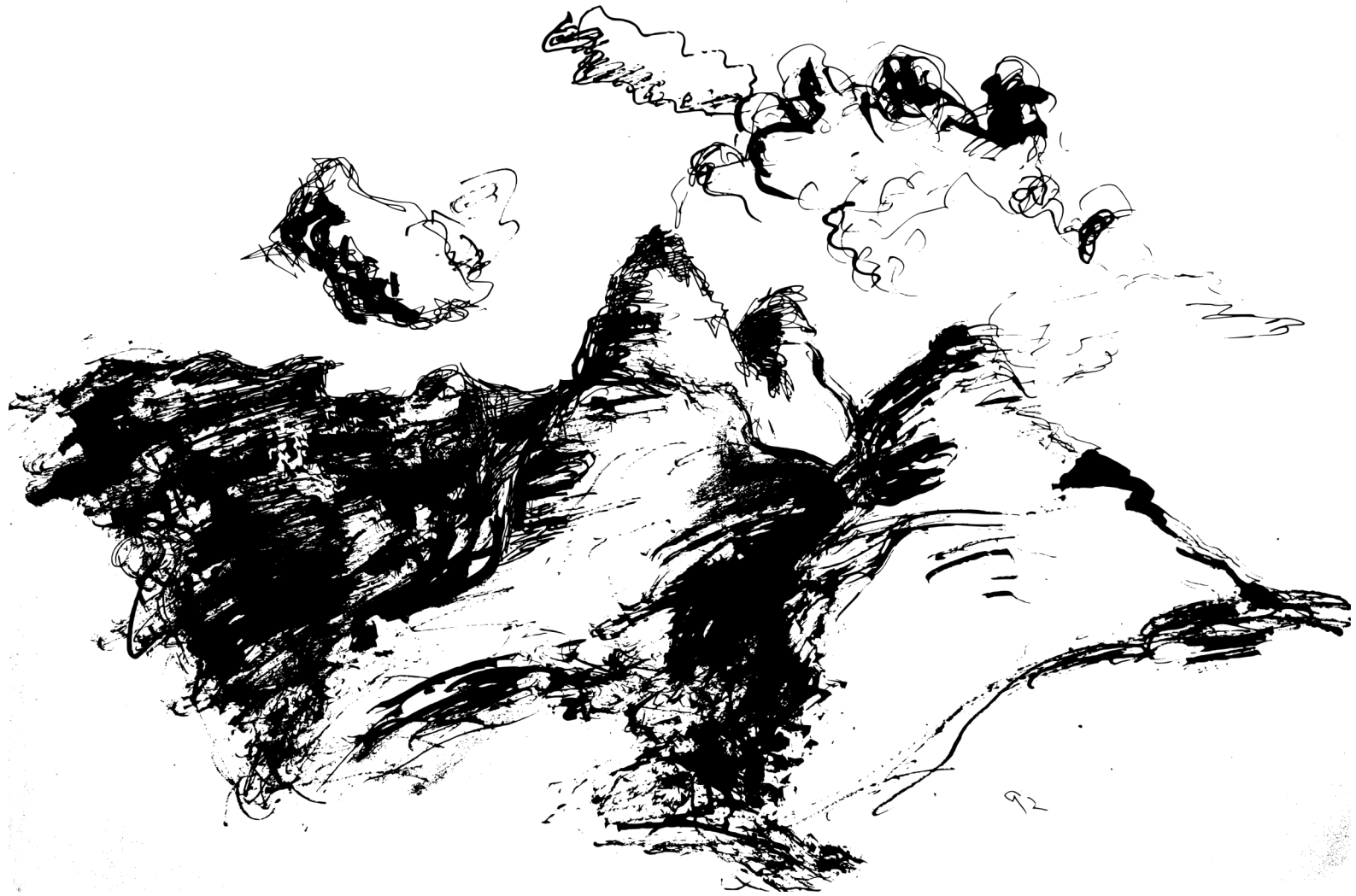
the fools likewise amend their supine teaching to reflect the honour of madness. Sun. Great sun. Searing. Seeing it all. Seen it all. Bearing no grudge, beg we: Come. Come. Set down on these beggers' patch.







A Trackless Road



The way of the future

Past tense. That is the way of today. Somnolent faith in departing from our own souls, heading to a nirvana of emptiness and despair. Some cry out for love and some for hate. Some are the means of their own destruction and want to be. These crazy, mediocre pastors preaching their competing brands of individual salvation. All heading swiftly to the great dying. Swaggering and stuffy penguins of society parading through the media and Instagram. Always puffed and arrogant. Always right beyond virtue or salvation. It's a new era of wanton self love and self hate. We have become eaters of dirt that chokes our mouths and guts and poisons so thoroughly that this devil's food looks like fine fare. So where do I personally turn? To magic, to meditation, to art? To writing? I read today of the iron clad goddess that had walked down from the wall out of the mural and played the piano for me. That is surely Athena, who combines war and wisdom. I don't know. Perhaps she was the source of my revelation so many years ago. I don't know that either. Perhaps the path out leads down into Hades or up into heaven and the glory of the saints, not that I could stand those prats at all.

I seek the revelation. Want it. I feel I have it but cannot speak it out. Perhaps it is not for

me to speak then. It belongs in the mouth of the iron clad Goddess, or the harsh voice of Hades: Mr. Lee. What would She say?

Iron clad Goddess:

Don't ascend to me with drivel. I want the serum of love itself to course within you and your kind. To drink from you as from a cup filled with wine. Remember your Christ wants to be a vine and you the fruit on that vine? Well I want to squeeze that fruit and ferment it and let it burn with true knowledge inside my guts. You shall be the wine in my press and the leaves of my crown. My sword is the scythe that strikes for love's sake and hands you your head for your sake.

Mr. Lee:

Be soothed dear one, think not of me as your enemy any longer. I am always here, in this haunted dark that paves your soul. Nothing escapes me, even the hours of the clock turn backwards for me, and the hands of chronos are my puppet hands. It is fearful, this way forward into oblivion, so tread only along the road I mark. See these chalk drawings in the cracked

stone? Follow them to sit on the throne beside me. Always will your reside there and watch the fraught and fearful days of Earth pass as in a dream.

Here I open to you, one of you or another to lend you my hands in the task that you want from me. I have no idea what or how it is to be performed. I wait here.

Solid seems the world that you inhabit, solid like ice or like fire. Do you see already the unconsidered nature of your mind. The world flows like ice or fire or like water and oil and is never stable or heavy with your small meanings. It is heavy indeed with the full shadow of meaning. It's depths are infinite with meaning. You experienced that didn't you and you were terrified. You were overwhelmed. I know. I stood by you then and laughed because that is what you are. Fragile like a leaf, like a worm or a puff of air. And what am I? How amusing. You too will laugh, for I am no more than a dream in your wasted mind. Don't feel sad. All minds are a wasteland of unexplored meaning. They are deserts bigger than any you could imagine. Think of that lovely dream mars you cherish. It is a desert world with little oases. Yet it is just a fingernail on God's hand. Not even that. A microbe. Not even that...do you understand the

wasteland now? Of course not because to you it is a wonderland that goes on and on. The pleroma it is not. That would kill you by a mere flash, a pinhole of its grace would pierce you beyond any measure. Don't go there. You are not sufficient. I am not. So put aside these fantasies of the messenger, of the saviour. Nothing is saved or solved ever. It always is and was. Even the trivial affairs of the world now, wars, terror, extinction. They are trivial, so forget them. Let me tell you another story.

In the beginning was a rose. A flower of gargantuan size, of hysterical potential, of profound loss and cruelty. That rose died and rotted and became this Earth. Do you understand what I am saying? Ha! Let it be then, no good comes of it. The future is only more decay. Bear instead this new fruit to the people that can tell them of the past and the far future. These is a reckoning ahead. Don't you know that? Head toward it, you will die. Run from it you will die. It is a dying and when it comes no love can save any of you. No hate will push you through to the other side. Only despair will be given the meat of your flesh and misery the bones. Accept it. It comes to all. You think I come from a far future, that there is a mystical path that leads there somehow and that you can set foot on that path. Guide others. There is a path and it is already trodden. It is covered with



shattered glass and skulls. You will see it and then can rejoice. And weep. There is no true grace for those that sin, only the sword and nothing more. But that is not cruelty at all but mercy. Accept the mercy and live forever. Bend your knee to the lord and die. That's that. Nothing more.

I feel stunned by that. I wasn't expecting it. It is frightful. Must it be frightful?

Don't worry. Let the way swallow you whole and find the renewed strength in that simple act of quiescence. Reconsider the simple acts of obedience that make a person whole again. Don't be troubled with the solemn rituals of magic that haunt the smaller minds of believers. They aren't for you, nor is the superiority of mind a way forward. Trouble the waves of time to settle and enter the blue realm of heaven once more. This time I will come and find you. I have no fear nor should you. Wandering in the ages I have met every kind and brand of monster that can conceivably trouble mankind. They are all just savages of the imagination. Time is long, and the future is here. Enter it peacefully.

Tell me about the hard days beyond then.

So far are those days and so lost that even I am distraught. There is an end sometime. Some dreadful time when the stars are fresh again and the ages are renewed with love. But stay the hand now and live the life of mortal hope. No one can say when the end is. The way is blocked by ghosts. Sentries who neither hope or care for time and the passage of the days any longer. Their hopes, if any, are bent on the vast beneath that ever grows and drives forward to the distant future beyond human thought. They are the harbingers of that which is coming but not that which is gone. We are the faintest of traces to them in our Earth abode. Like mayflies or insects whose sweet lives are only leaven to the galactic feast that is coming. Nothing more than an appetiser. When all the stars are red and the eternities stretch out then they will come. You want to know of the human dead? They are groping there in the ashes of that other world too, beyond the horizon, beyond everything really and beyond hope too. Just being in the empty halls that Mr Lee prepared in the beginning to house a host .





Is there anything nearer to home, more of this time and place that you can speak of?

Am I like a chiming clock to you that I can tell the hours of the dead day? So that is the way. It is beyond reckoning the ways the future goes. In and out and tangled all about like yarn thrown into a tip. Do you see that image of crisis: The smouldering garbage heap, rats pawing the ruins and gnawing the ruins? There is another: like a golden shimmer, a pinnacle or a spire clinging to the empty grassy plains. Songs on the wind and cries of birds too. The voices of the birds, they will tell you all you need to know. Listen to them and hear. The cries of joy and promise, of anger and peace and all between. The birds are your souls, descended from heaven and waiting for the new day. It comes though you have no faith in it.

What of the 20,000 year promise?

Are you willing to wait? I will meet you there. It will be under the laurels in a well met land so strong in its bones and gorgeous in its flesh that the colourless plains of your time will be just a sullen bad dream. Remember the visions of the glories of humankind? The strange boats

sailing among ravines, like a tale of the Arabian nights, that is the time I speak of, the moment that will come and draw into itself everything that it means to be human. All the good and wickedness burnt away and the gem remaining for an aeon to glitter in the Earth's fine setting. It won't be forever, for what comes after is not a human story but like a god's dream set in fantastical kingdoms well past the reach of your small self. You wonder at human fate? It is the fate of all things, to give rise to, to sink into the depths that nourish like compost the furthest future.

They call you most gracious Mr. Lee, that you disperse a cornucopia of gifts in your halls. Tell me about Hades then, is it dark and unchanging forever? Does it have a river of forgetting?

Little one. Every night you enter my halls and play with the baubles I set before you. Is that not enough to know of my world? Do you not forget yourself there and surely you want to forget yourself? Think about it, locked up in that trivial shell like a caged animal. I am no jailer, rather I set my charges free to decide their future. Give them the choice of what and who they are or might become again in the world. Your world is also a cage though you are



unable to realise that. You desire freedom but have you wondered what freedom actually is? I hand freedom to you and like them all you accept it willingly at first but then take back your chains. It is no matter to me for you will always return and perhaps one day will put down those galling chains forever, and sit among the saints.

It is a madness, groping in the dark of inspiration to find whatever nuggets are given freely. It is not forgiving or careful or indifferent either. It is itself fullness and emptiness combined. Always this fusion of opposites that are woven into the incapacitated mind like fairy floss. It is sickly and saturated with envy, with lust, with beneficence and wonder. There is no going there in a frivolous touristic frame of mind or as a miner after treasure. It takes you or not and does whatever it chooses that will further its goals. They are not the goals of a mundane, pretty and cartoonish world. Not the mocking and parodic entertainments of surrealism. It is the torn meat of the shamans, scattered flesh and the drilling of the greys and the abductions and severing, the torturing the loving and healing all combined into a miasma that will repel ordinary beings. Consider the mystery of the sun

revealing and seeing all. It was terrifying, insane, unbearable. It was infinitely greater, surpassingly alive and aloof. But it is our mystery too. It is our soul, our prize unlike anything in the cosmos before or hereafter. To claim this and be claimed in doing so is the passage to the future. It is the abyss. The great work. The stone. The marriage of the unsuited to make the original mind.

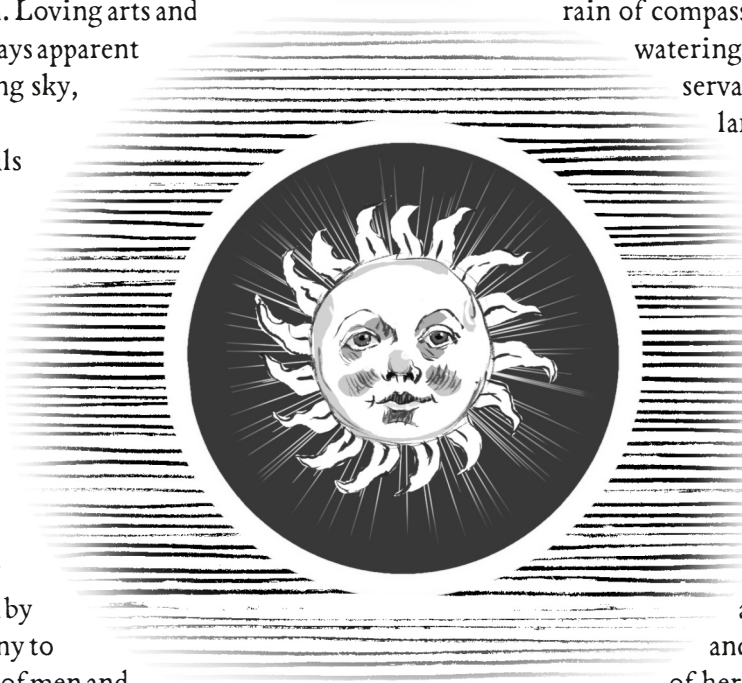
The horses of the wind driven before the tides of the worlds that sweep through our time.

Partnering with god is the way to make something of the gusting winds that drive among the flowery fields. Across the fields to the distant ranges where a temple rides high along the wave crest of rock and a bell tolls cheerfully echoing across the snowy ranges.

Somewhat spent can be the days when the chimes sound among the leaves, the charming tingle and patter that talks of wind lining the air and bracing the way. That is the path through the air, beyond mountain ranges and over the horizonless masts that tilt towards the godhead. Something among the saints that calls and answers with a resounding yes. That

partakes of the future and the days that have gone and yet speaks in a pleasant voice in your ear. the conch of your ear capturing the mothers love that lived in past times and was all yours. Ryan. Loving arts and charms are always apparent in the fluttering sky, among the imprisoned souls that join in the air among the clouds and cirrus that enchant the kingdom of god. So stands the giant that held the spear and strode among the low hills persuaded by the cries of many to leave the roads of men and depart to the cleft mountains.

The green and vibrant sea tosses there, tiny toy boats lofted on wave points and silver fish and dolphins curling like threads among the foam. A golden yellow sky and the figure of Christ atop the cliff searching, always searching for the fishermen. The corona that



outlines his head is the eye, the divided eye three ways of truth. Bending over the curve of Earth is Nuit. The milk of her breasts is the starry river and the seas. Her tears are the rain of compassion, Bodhisattva, watering the crops, the tree servants that enshrined the land and bedewing the arid plains. One eye is blue the other red. Her navel is the pearl that like mellow joy has befriended all that love her and persuaded the rays of life itself to make fertile their hearts. Be born among the little stars and trace the sweet flesh of her body.

The pomegranate clouds descend in vibrant masses of rouge light, harping the way to blessing. Though the strangers among us send their hopes high, their purposes fondly greet the low earth with carousels of striking

depths and hidden pathways through to Agarthā. Solemn are the days ahead it seems when the ways of men and women are torn and broken, yet resewn into the fabric again so that their souls might be renewed over and over in the harsh light of day and the soothing dark of night. The deep nacreous night swollen with the juice, the fruit of being and becoming into the world again. Falling onto the dry plains where so many have fallen, lifting the unborn to the sky and burying the dead. So goes the spear of lights forgiveness and parts the indigo blue sky so that the glaring sun is obscured and the fields are resown, are nurtured and the breast of motherly care is its surcease.

The flowers of the dead are solemn and sad and gruesome, but also beautiful and funny. Take them at their purpose, the living purpose that is entombed in their shrine. Soft are the voices of the past, so soft that they go unheard, whispering always and hopeful into your ears. Soft and wholesome with the ferment of time. A mildew that sweetly corrodes the chords of disharmony and hate. Their orange flowers like small happy wreaths set among the severe stones. Anemones among rocks so fragile and yet tough like steel burning through the adamant stone that is meant to preserve

infinite memory. Look at the murals that line the walls. Feats of the past, achievements and treasures handed down in earnest but now forgotten or despised even as wrongheaded. All our faint actions are wrongheaded and may not pass further than the brief summer of our weary lives. Nevertheless they are intended for a future that will never appreciate them and loftily looks away. So what that the brothers and sisters long gone had hopes too, had wonders we haven't discovered? So far we are going and going into the black thinking we are alone and never to be met by equals who can guide or scold us. Dreadful are the days when they will come and set us on our high chair throne and answer our measly questions, wipe our gurgling faces, clean our stinking backsides. Find the flowers of the dead before the time comes that at the least you have the hearts of the many dead with you and the tragedy of humanity is not so pointless.

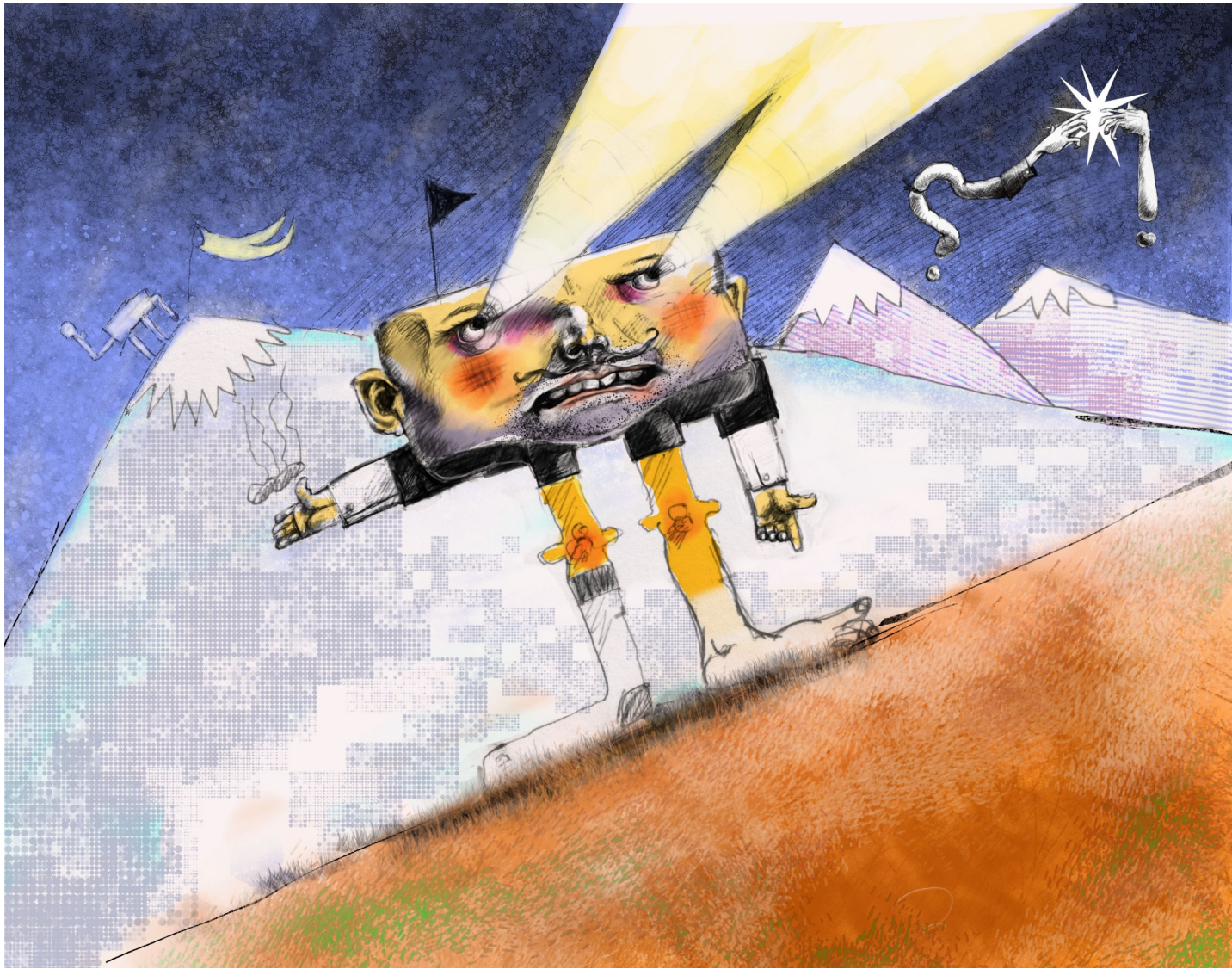
It's a holiday! Pack all your things, your paints and things. The wonderful colours and tubes and brushes and set them out ready to go. Soon! To go! Be ready! Some say the hours creep slow, but now they are fast and slow at once. Oh it cannot come soon enough, and yet too soon. Will I be ready? Everyone is excited and

busy and fill their cases ready to go. I keep discovering new desires to fill my bag. Is it going to be big enough to contain all my desires? And the papers? The easel? Where are we to go? We shall fly out of this horrid mess and leave it behind for a piece, a return to freedom and inspiration and learning all that we have forgotten again. The sky is so blue and inviting and empty still, The plane will leave soon, riding through that pure air higher and higher and all of us cheerful and singing in the seats. Past behind and hope ahead.

Pleroma, plenum, plenae. How is it possible to establish the means of the plenum. How does the plenum manifest?

It does so in a wave of plenae that coalesce about the wandering soul. A pattern of wind and water and weaving of all the plenae into a whole that to the untrained eye is seamless, but to the magician is fractured along minute streams of being into different and revealing potentialities. So how to discover the seams among these world fronds that stem outward from the pleroma ocean? It must be done by the Great Work, that pares away the crust of the self piece by piece and reveals only the bare soul to the plenae. What a work of significance that is, so unbearable and yet too

sweet to thrust aside. The eyes of the mundane are blinded, caught in the momentary sufferings of desire and fulfilment that transiently catch their attention and sweep away the intention, that places a collar on their necks and leads them forward to slaughter. That is Mara, but not at all. It is just the pace of this dreary world with its fondness for drama and disaster. As the crust is taken apart and the soul's eyes are slowly uncovered, then the worlds grow richer and the coincidences of meaning entangle in strange and unintelligible ways. Don't seek to interpret or analyse. Begin by experiencing the stream of meaning that like a liquor bubbles through the fabric about you. The disappearing you. Simply know it flows, nothing more. It's intentions, if it has any, are not personal to you, maybe not even relevant. They belong to the broadest self, the unbound soul whose desireless actions are its own and not at all. But be aware too, that the language of the soul is not one of goals and purpose, but a subservience to the waving fronds of the worlds and the orders of beings that inhabit that realm. The little self is a mite on the flank of a beast that wades through that ocean and wends its own unknowable way, careless of the prejudices and passions of the tiny mite. You will see the hints of these beings and beasts and



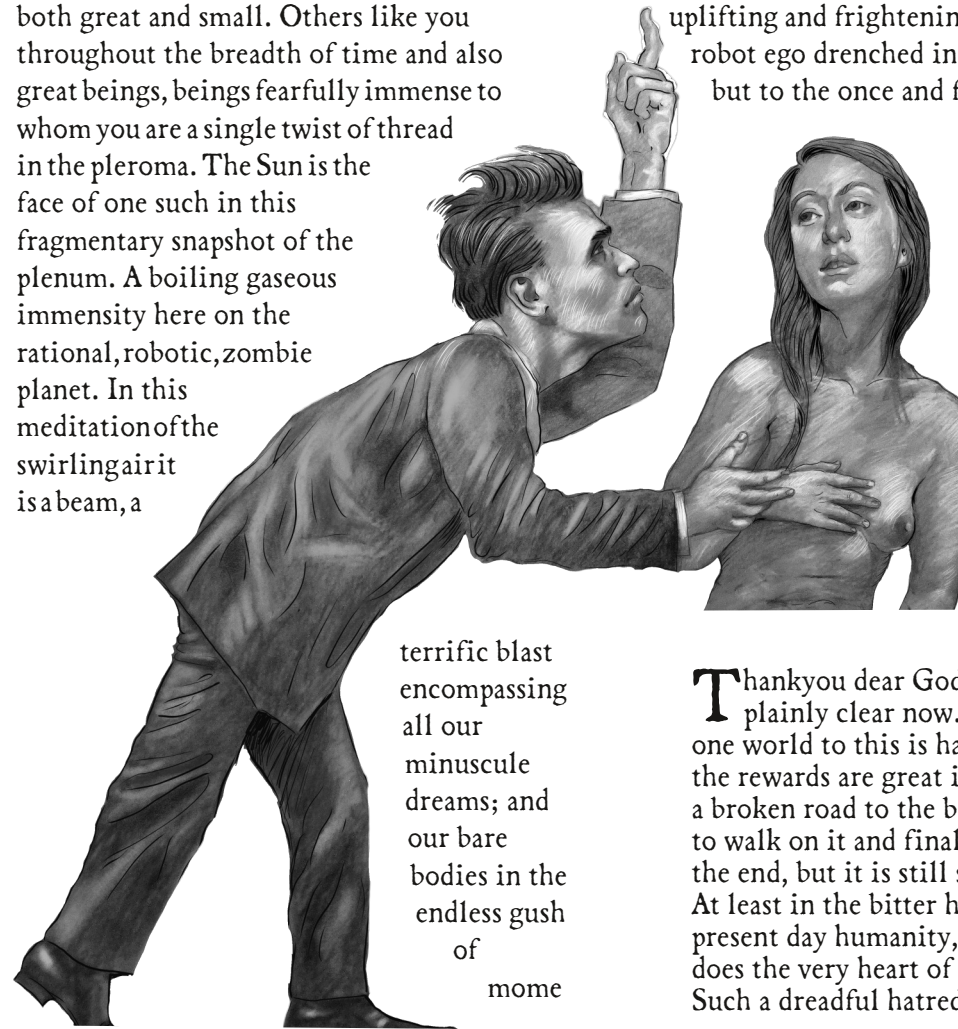
more through the small chink of your unblinded eye. Believe me when I say it is astounding and terrifying and superb. And perhaps a being will see you too, peeking there in a fold of the beast's hide and wink at you. Be prepared. Do not be faint hearted.

First practise in the gloaming this art of transcendence. Be only with the incoming night as a mote on the air, driven here and there at random, without guidance but with attention to what you know is in hiding because I have told you. remember that meaning is in it all, symbols and portents thrive in the cooling air and dance like fairies on the wind. Turn aside your evil eye of reason explaining away the magic, it is a foul guest here and always shits on the grass. Forget you don't want to go mad, since madness is your only friend now and be in the paranoid moment. Hear the whispers that you don't understand and the music; and at the corner of your eyes catch sight of the shadows and playing things. Don't turn your laser eye of evil that way to tell the truth because it will only invent a lie for you, a quotidian duck to replace the dragon drake. Guard not your emotions, they tell a different story and your intuition reveals the minds at play about you now. You want to join that dance and play with the other folk. But for the moment don't seek to

change the path of the plenum, to step onto any other branch yet. You need to learn to unwrap the blindfold first so that you don't stumble. Any time you take the path of a new world you will alter the bounds of your little self. Not all changes are good, not all paths are hopeful. That is the error of magic unacknowledged: each act to change the path is only a change in yourself not in the paths that wind and intermingle and wend their own way. You only jump one ship to another, and really the ship is just a small paper boat on a flood. The flood is your immeasurable soul and the soggy paper boat is your crazed and craving ego. The Great Work is the loosing of the paper boat and stepping onto a row boat, perhaps a cabin cruiser or a yacht. First learn to swim before you sink.

There is an awesome moment to be found among the hazards of passing portents that straddle the gusting air. For when you have lost your little self in that moment and finally experience that true self, that future self evolved 20 millennia from now and still here in this time always with you. Then you are not alone. Hear that. Absorb that. The meanings that thread hither and thither about you like the weaving of a tapestry, that you too are a weaver and at the same moment woven into the warp

also has other artisans crafting the air,
 spinning the earth out of fancy. They are
 both great and small. Others like you
 throughout the breadth of time and also
 great beings, beings fearfully immense to
 whom you are a single twist of thread
 in the pleroma. The Sun is the
 face of one such in this
 fragmentary snapshot of the
 plenum. A boiling gaseous
 immensity here on the
 rational, robotic, zombie
 planet. In this
 meditation of the
 swirling air it
 is a beam, a



terrific blast
 encompassing
 all our
 minuscule
 dreams; and
 our bare
 bodies in the
 endless gush
 of
 mome

nts intersecting and signifying. I have seen it
 and the sight is hard to bear, painful almost,
 uplifting and frightening, Worshipful for the
 robot ego drenched in logic and rejection,
 but to the once and future self it is both

separate and
 completely united
 with. One and the
 same but distinct.
 Conversing in the
 saturated flow of
 meaning even
 while singleton
 and without
 comprehension or
 existence.

So all this is the
 great gift.

Thankyou dear Goddess. I hope it is
 plainly clear now. The carrying from
 one world to this is hard for me, though
 the rewards are great indeed. I feel there is
 a broken road to the better future. I long
 to walk on it and finally meet you there at
 the end, but it is still so distant - this way.
 At least in the bitter husk of life that is
 present day humanity, burning away as it
 does the very heart of life and hating it all.
 Such a dreadful hatred for the world. Is



there a guide for me in this prison?

Justifying love or hate is pointless so sink into the ground and disappear. Sonorous are the deep words of the prophets but also full of haste and unbearable sorrow. They burnt themselves seeking God. Would you take a lesson from the charcoaled fist of the patriarch? Look among the weary of life and the spoiled. Their burden is so full that nothing remains except the spirit. The crafted objects of men and the switchblades that tear and rend them are abhorrent. Turn your head away. Guidance is empty when the guide is dead. Look under a rug, study the dirt and the parasites that infest you. Rage about the lost and the hurt, but set them to the fire too. Squalor and revenge are traded for by ugly beasts that smile toothy grins and lend cash to immigrants. They are lonely and never will return again. Their time is going and wasted on this poor poor earth, as is yours. Believe in the future and tread towards it and forget the stones that break your skin. Forget the fools' magics, the magia of the wanton. There is one that awaits and it is through the looking glass of your mind. Answer and she will call again one last time.

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What is the double star? the two star? Faded from your memory now it swims in the river of the sky. Icy burning points of light. Prismatic sparks both borne away on the troubled pain of space that has dragged us apart. Two star, second sun, lost sun, distant home, come back. In a million years another then forever gone I think among the waste. The hidden heart of us beats there in the unicorn so so far now, so so unattainable, we weep every day for our loss of the two star throbbing like justice and calling always, but fainter and fainter nevermore. Seek the two star inwards now, where it forever lives and thrives and grows bright.

These are the dark powers that ever sense our weakness and would bond and bind the heart stone within. Take away the senses and delve into the mine of your soul where the soft jelly of love resides. No other can find the ore that dissolves the barriers and carries on its vast back the dreams and spartan hopes of a new world. Turn eyes away from the hostility and drugged insanity of the masses, their weaknesses are for money and lust. The sigil that proclaims the future is yet to be made from

the rusted parts of the wounded earth. So much has depended on the found and not on the lost, where the mirrors shine along the boundaries that separate the good and bad and walk spasmodically forward like retarded geese. It's a crisis when the wavering claws of the oligarchs descend in crepuscular jitters onto the twice devoured bodies of the slain and then delicately strip the meagre flesh that remains. Who wants this apart from those grotesque billionaires and their iridescent buddies slaughtering the birds for cash and dominion of the earth? The frost has settled now along the battlefield and the deaths foretold have been given their new birth into the gore of the butcher. So what? No one cares anymore as long as their phone is fresh with joy and their hearts beep like obedient machines forecasting a new game, a new frame of reference. Sorry amends make for small tasty bites and sorry mends not much at all. Sorry are we all, sorry the state of affairs that linger on the mouth like yesterday's coffee. Relentless are the wishes that keep on buying, and go on yet one more spree to ease the burden on the health system or substantiate the garbage and cater for all needs in that fetid mess. Why is the prophetic always dark? Why do the prophets always stink and go up in pestilential blazes to the cheering mob of inquisitors and fans of the

damned? The burning threads of hate always find their home in the human frame regardless of desire. The human is a rickety staircase of bones wrapped in bandages of bleeding flesh. The new humans bring an end to bone and flesh and a new immortal rock and metal devoid of evil and good and parsimonious with feeling too. A clasp of metal that will bend not in a wind, will glare painlessly at the sky and tear no gaps into reality again. A perfect end to a mathematical dream of cubes and tetrahedrons and the final light of the cave extinguished. Black and blinded will be the denizens. Gone the sun. A universe lost and sold for scrap.

Fate is like a giant centrifuge. It spins. That's it. Can you bear that spinning? Can you not vomit into the lap of your fellow passenger? It's a trial and of course we all love a trial. The judge a stolid Italian with a full head of greying hair, deliberating wisely on the fall of nations. The audience is enthralled and is hushed when the defendant enters, is bound to the bible and then lashed to the chair. The hissing of the air conditioner is paramount now, like the snake whispering in our ear. We listen intently and nod with the wind of opinion that prescribes punishment. That

would be so dear to us
in our wasted lives
sitting on scraps of
hope and ruffling
through cheerios.
Semi-detached
fortunes is the norm
and as in any formal
disaster eventually
become fully detached
and bleeding.
Crumpled suits are
wonderful when
combined with the
half-shaven look and
the blazing stare of the
gorgeous prosecutor.
The wet feeling of
clenching muscles
dividing the criminal
from the insane. That
ecstatic letting go that
primes the pump one
more time. Do it one more
time and yet again because I am unfulfilled by
my husband and his machinations. The singer
descends the stage and croons, like a swan, like
a drake, like a bower bird or a hover fly; like a
pantechicon falling falling to the bottom of

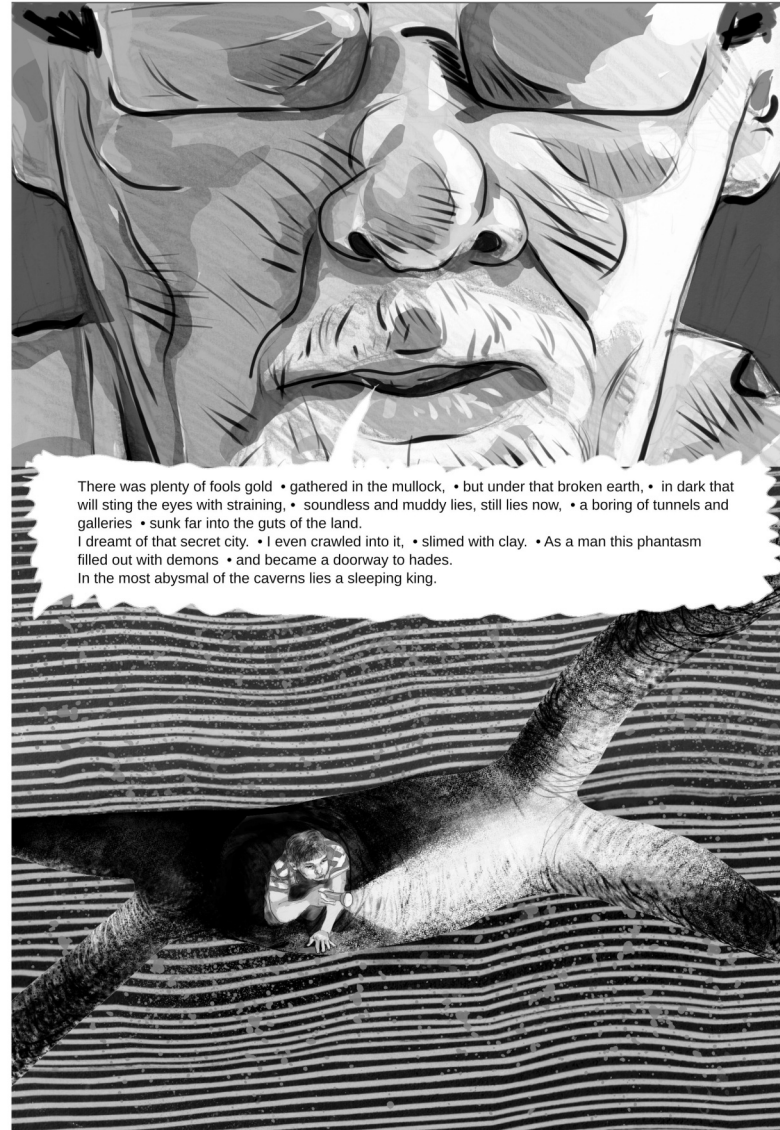


hades into Persephone's bosom. The
gargantuan chasms under the Earth
filled with light and booming with
drums. The vast cities of crystal
and the surging throngs of
insectile beings surrounding
the king.

A final word:
I have seen a different
world. It is more than
real, so full, so ripe and
fragrant. It is the last
true branch of
humanity but I
cannot tell when it
was or even if it is
still to come. That
is how visions are,
errant knights
flying at windmills
and booming
with noise and
colour and
bravado. Just
imagine a
river. It is a
great river,

strongly flowing and along this river runs a barque. The passengers are full of sensitive hope and longing for their destination. They wear comfortable robes and clothes about their heads, and lean out from the bow admiring the river, the sky and the rocky headlands. The boat sails are tilted lateen style and coloured the warm ochre of the surrounding land and the cliffs that rise above. The passage is slow and methodical, coming home. This is the last obstacle before the river widens to a turquoise lake in the summer light. The city is along the lake. It has unimposing towers and many flags flying the red and yellow signature colours of this nation. It is not a metropolis of silver towers or gargantuan monstrosities composed by competing architects. It has no great centre of power and overwhelming authority that has mastered the continent. It is serene, peaceful. Unassuming. There are no dominating ideologies here, nor great and profound religions that have answers for every question. This city and nation have existed this way from an immemorial past and will continue to an unknown future. The citizens are the best that humanity can now or ever produce and yet are unmemorable. They are the passing of one generation into the next of endless

generations. Put aside your damp dreams of a galaxy spanning empire of relentless and immortal cyborgs. Perhaps they are there somewhere in this picture: the flashing rays in the night sky, the sorry gods in their gleaming spheres soaring above. Who knows whether these irrelevant monsters of the future or past might be or not. Instead hold to that mesmerising image of the perfected human that seals forever the eternal present gifting it to God.



There was plenty of fools gold • gathered in the mullock, • but under that broken earth, • in dark that
will sting the eyes with straining, • soundless and muddy lies, still lies now, • a boring of tunnels and
galleries • sunk far into the guts of the land.
I dreamt of that secret city, • I even crawled into it, • slimed with clay. • As a man this phantasm
filled out with demons • and became a doorway to hades.
In the most abysmal of the caverns lies a sleeping king.

